

# The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 3, 1892.

VOLUME XXVII.--NO. 5.

## WHEN YOU GO TO GREENVILLE

Call and see the Handsomest and Newest line of Clothing, Hats and Furnishings, To be Found in the City.

SEND US AN ORDER, which we will gladly fill, and if not satisfactory to be returned at our expense.

**SMITH & BRISTOW,**  
Clothing and Furnishings, Greenville, S. C.

## VINEGARS!

We have in Vinegars the very Best Qualities obtainable and at Reasonable Prices.

Apple Older Vinegar—four years old.  
White Wine Vinegar—extra quality.  
Claret Vinegar—for table use.  
West India Spiced Vinegar—our specialty.  
Our Spiced Vinegar is made from Pure Grape Wine Vinegar, boiled down with West India Spices. The combination of imported Spices for the production of this Fine Vinegar has been skillfully made, after many years of experiment. The result is an absolutely perfect Spiced Vinegar, retaining the delicious flavor and delightful fragrance of West India Spices. It is the only Vinegar you can heat, warm or boil that will throw off the same fragrance and flavor as when cold. Especially desirable for Meats and Vegetables. When used to make Spiced Beef or Spiced Onions it will satisfy the most fastidious taste.

**TAYLOR & GRAYTON,**  
42 Granite Row.



## Special Sale

— TO CLOSE —

## SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

In order to clear out all kinds of Goods to make room for a new Fall Stock.

WE have decided to make the people of Anderson an offer to secure good, first-class Goods

## AT AND BELOW COST.

WE MEAN JUST WHAT WE SAY—all Summer Goods to go regardless of what they are worth.

Embroideries, Laces, Lawns,  
Muslins, Bedford Cords, Challies,  
And, in fact, a nice clean Stock of Spring Goods.

A big lot of REMNANTS, all kinds of Goods, to close.

Now is your time to get the Childrens' Winter Clothes cheap.

Come and see me.

**W. A. CHAPMAN, Agent,**  
Next to Masonic Temple.

## LITERALLY WASHED WITH BLOOD.

Police do their Duty without respect to Persons.

## The Wall Still Covered with Bloody Gore.

The fight was on South Main Street at the Bazaar and Ten Cent Stores of O. S. Minor & Co. It was an attack of the combined forces of seven other merchants on the famous O. S. Minor. They fought in defence of their prices, which they claimed had been crushed out of all respectability by the said O. S. Minor, and they fought with desperation to restore the former prices, but down they go in the dead of the fight, and their blood on our Store-front only is left to tell a pitiful tale of war.

## Stranger than Strange.

One man claimed that we had reduced the price of Pens to 25c. and 10c. per pair—less than cost to make. We don't care. Another claimed that we sell the best quality Mason Fruit Jar at less than he can buy the second quality. We don't care for that, either.

Another said our 10c. Eosin was the same that he had to sell at 15c., or two pils for 25c. and that we sold his 15c. Suspenders at 10c. and his 25c. Suspenders at 15c. Well, what of that?

Another man believes that we are selling his 40c. Caps and Suspenders for 30c. and his 35c. Pants at 25c. Why should we care?

A certain millinery man thinks we have knocked him out of more than a hundred sales. We don't have to pay a milliner, and he don't believe we pay for our goods. What concern is that of us?

Another man claims that we sell Tobacco at a starvation price. Has he any right to object?

There are some of the complaints made against us. We ask you whose business is it, if not that of our customers and ourselves? Can't we make such figures as we will without being hounded down and forced to fight for our lives? We'll fight to the death—we'll put their blood on our walls and their scalps on our doors, and their customers in possession of undoubted bargains. Say, would you wash that blood off the wall, or would you let it stay as a warning?

Yours for Spot Cash,

**C. S. MINOR, THE BAZAAR and the 10c. STORE.**

## CANE MILLS, EVAPORATORS AND COTTON GINS!

WE are agents for the Celebrated Kentucky Cane Mills and Hall Self-Feeding Cotton Gins. It will pay any person to call and see our Machinery and get our prices before buying, as we feel assured we can save you money, and can sell you on easy terms. We can bottom and repair old Evaporators, making them as good as new at a small cost.

We also manufacture Stone Sinks, Spark Arresters and Suction Pipes, which every farmer should have, as it saves time, labor and expense.

Our Stock of Stoves, Tinware, Crockery and House Furnishing Goods is complete.

We have a large supply MASON FRUIT JARS and TIN CANS which are going cheap. It will pay you to buy as soon as possible, as Fruit Jars are going to be scarce and higher later part of season.

We also have Apples, Peaches and Peaches—something that every household should have. It saves much time and labor, and is very cheap.

When you come to Town be sure to call and see us. We will make it to your interest to buy your Goods from us.

All kinds of ROOFING and GUTTERING done on short notice, and in a thorough workmanlike manner.

**Earle & Quattlebaum,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
ANDERSON, S. C.

April 28, 1892 40 July 13, 1892 2

## TEACHERS' COLUMN.

All communications intended to this column should be addressed to C. WARDLAW, School Commissioner, Anderson, S. C.

Miss Eddie L. Davis is at work in her school in Rock Mills District. The patrons of that school will run the day when they give Miss Eddie.

We regret to lose Prof. J. W. Gaines. He goes to Westminster for the next term, having resigned the principalship of the Williamson Male High School.

We wish that every teacher and pupil of Anderson County could see Tallulah Falls. She has done good work, and deserves the applaudit well done. Among our teachers none are more faithful and energetic than Miss Drake.

Miss Lizzie Brock's school at Woodland, in Belton District, closed last Friday. She has done good work, and deserves the applaudit well done. Among our teachers none are more faithful and energetic than Miss Drake.

Miss Minerva Drake, one of the most energetic and enthusiastic teachers in the County, will have charge of the Concrete school during the next year. She has secured a good place, and the people of Concrete have secured a first class teacher.

While in Columbia we met Mr. Henry A. Johnson, who was for several years a teacher in this County, but is now Clerk in the office of Superintendent of Education. Mr. Johnson is one who will make his mark in the world. He deserves success, and will achieve it.

Mr. W. M. Riley is teaching at New Prospect school during the summer. This is his old home, and his employment shows that he is appreciated by those who know him. Mr. Riley is a young man of character, and full of promise. We shall be glad to see him rise high in the service of the Master, to which service he has consecrated himself.

This is awfully hot weather to expect much work from children in the school room. Let me beg the teachers not to expect too much. The little fellows are humans, just as large people are, and can get hot and tired just as quick. Give plenty of recess, and make school just as live and pleasant as possible. Do not tax the energy and strength of the children too much.

We would again urge the teachers to investigate the claims of a little book entitled, "Ethics for Young People," to a place in every school. We need to teach the children more of right doing, more of their relations to the family, Church, school, County and State, and especially more of the relations they sustain to their fellow beings of every class and calling. It is published by Ginn & Co., of New York.

Mr. L. M. Mahaffey will have as his assistant during the next term Miss Bettie Earle. This gives the people of the Bethany school two teachers of the best kind. Both Mr. Mahaffey and Miss Earle are teachers of high standing, who know how to do good work and are full of energy. We are glad to see this forward movement by these people. Nothing pays better than a good school. Money spent in that way gives back good results. We congratulate the people and the teachers on their mutual success.

The State Teachers' Association was in every way a success. The attendance was large, and the interest showed far better work in the future. The addresses and papers were exceedingly well prepared, and showed careful research and study. Anderson County was pretty well represented. We had the pleasure of meeting Miss Helen McMaster while in Columbia, and we feel sure that the teachers of Anderson County will be glad to hear that she is in the enjoyment of good health and full of life and energy. She had many pleasant things to say of her trip to Anderson, and spoke in the very highest terms of the teachers of this County. We had the pleasure of meeting again many of the teachers who were here last year, and it was a pleasure to hear their praise of Anderson and her hospitable people.

"Golden Medical Discovery" cures those diseases which come from blood impurities—scrofula and skin diseases, sores and swellings.

But does it? It's put up by the thousands of gallons, and sold to hundreds of thousands. Can it cure as well as though it had been compounded especially for you?

Its makers say that thousands of people who have had Tetters and Salt-rheum, Eczema and Erysipelas, Carbuncles and Sore Eyes, Thick Neck and Enlarged Glands, are well to day because they used it.

Suppose that this is so. Suppose that a quick-witted man was far-seeing enough to know that to cleanse the blood was to cleanse the life. Suppose that by many experiments, and after many failures, he discovered this golden key to health, and that his faith in it for you is so strong that you can go to your druggist, buy a bottle, and if it doesn't help you, you can get the money returned—cheerfully. Will you try it?

The remedy to have faith in, is the remedy the makers themselves have faith in.

Gov. Tillman's declaration that Gov. Sheppard and his party were Republicans brought forth the following reply from Col. Youmans in his Manning speech:

"In his speech at Kingstree four years ago Tillman said protection was the principle of the Republican party. Anti-tariff is a contention of the Democratic party. In 1892 Tillman said free trade was a barren ideal, and at Barnwell in 1887 he said that tariff reduction was not going to remedy the evils. I told him that he was accordingly disagreed with the whole theory of Carolina statesmanship, and he said yes, that he was in favor of protection and against tariff reduction. To-day he tells you 'protection is the doctrine of the Republican party. Here is a man advocating the very backbone of that which he has termed the doctrine of the Republican party.'"

## AN HONEST INQUIRY.

[NOTE.—The following article was written for the *Peoples' Advocate*, and was tendered to the Editor of that paper for publication, but he declined to publish it.]

MR. EDITOR: There may be no break in the lines from your point of view, but we can assure there is at least a few conscientious voters that supported Governor Tillman two years ago as a reformer that to day look upon him with feelings of distrust, if not aversion, owing to an evident want of consistency. Now, as we belong to that class of voters who not only supported him in his canvass, but also cast our ballot for his election, we feel free of prejudice when we say that he has utterly failed to come up to our expectations as a reformer, and, therefore, cannot get our vote on the 30th August. Our attitude towards the Governor from the first was like that of a great many others who had no special admiration for his personality, but believed him to be honest and sincere, and incapable of doing a thing that he vilified and abused others for doing, and that he would not, for the sake of a paltry sum, place himself in the same category with those whom he had denounced as bribe takers, and yet it must be confessed by all that he did this very thing. It must also be confessed that one of us that this is not what we call "rugged honesty." Furthermore, we would add that it certainly must take an abundance of brass and cheek for a candidate to face a constituency with this reproach upon him. We don't believe that Anderson County could produce the man who would be willing to "face the music" under like condition. If she has, however, we have some curiosity to know who he is.

It will be remembered that one of the most important features of Tillman's platform contemplated not only a reduction of offices, but also a scaling of salaries, which the Governor promised faithfully to carry out, provided that a Legislature was elected that was in sympathy with him in this reform. Now, in order to make a sure thing doubly sure, some of the knowing ones met together, and, unknown to some, and to the great satisfaction of others, nominated a ticket. To one man this looked so much like the "ring rule" that had so recently been denounced in the canvass, that he bolted the ticket and ran a race on his "own hook," but was, of course, defeated. The regular nominees were elected which were known to be "ultra pure" reformers. With this outfit it was believed that there would be no wabbling nor twisting, and that the Governor would move right on without halting or moving till the salaries of all officers were reduced and some abolished altogether. It is needless to say that this part of the platform has been a complete failure. The people have ceased to talk about it, and I don't suppose now that there is any one foolish enough to believe that it will ever be done, if, indeed, it was ever seriously contemplated.

There may be some difficulties that stood in the way of this reform that the Governor did not understand when he was canvassing for office. Certainly the people did not understand it, and, of course, they were in this respect sorely misled.

Again, when Governor Tillman was a candidate for office two years ago he told the toiling masses that they were paying more than an equitable proportion of taxes for the support of the government. Now, we thought at the time that this was not only first rate campaign thunder, but that it also contained a fair proportion of truth. We really felt that discriminations had been made in our laws against the poorer classes, and that more than a just proportion of the burdens of government had been laid on their shoulders. We also entertained some faint hope that these burdens would be so adjusted by the reformer that no one would have any just cause for complaint. But has it been done? Has any steps been taken or advised to be taken by the Governor that leads in this direction? If so, we confess our ignorance of the fact. We are powerfully impressed with the conviction that if the recommendation of the Governor had been carried out and materialized into law by the "driftwood" Legislature, the taxes of the rich would have been decreased, and the taxes of the poor increased, some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold. The poor white men can align themselves with the Governor in voting, but when it comes to tax paying of necessity must align himself with the poor negro with an increased taxation. Oh, what consistency! What immaculate patriotism! What sanctified selfishness on the part of the Governor to recommend to the Legislature a three dollar poll tax for the education of the poor and illiterate masses! It does really seem to us, to say the least of it, that it is about the easiest and cheapest way an office seeker ever paid off a debt of gratitude to an admiring constituency, even if it does not equalize the burdens of government complained of.

We sometimes hear the farmers' movement spoken of as the "Laboring man's party." Surely this can't be true, or else the wrong man is at the head of it. All labor organizations know that the rich will take care of the tax on property, and they simply demand that you must not tax my labor, and yet in the face of this fact, the leader of the "Laboring man's party," in South Carolina has proposed a tax on labor unparallelled in any State in the Union or out of it, and we challenge the Editor of the *Peoples' Advocate* to produce it.

Just here we wish to make a statement, and then ask a question. A few years ago there was considerable contention over our present road law, and some bad blood was the result. Some of the poorer men complained bitterly because they felt that the law was inequitable, unjust, and oppressive. A few of the big farmers, however, took the position that they were paying a tax for the education of the poorer classes, and that they should in return work the public roads, even if they did not receive the full benefit of this tax levied upon them. Now, what we want to know is this: What is properly laid doing for the maintenance of our public schools? We are aware of the fact that

there is a two mills tax on property for this purpose. We are also almost certain of the fact that there is an income to our State from our phosphate mines which belong neither to the rich nor to the poor, but to the whole people, and which, if applied to our public schools, the two mill tax on property could be reduced without injury, and which would leave the man of property with but a poor claim that he is helping to educate the poor. Now, we think the Governor is familiar with the fact, and if he really thought that the toiling masses had been imposed upon by the "ringsters" and free pass riders, and the poor needed some more schooling in order to have a higher appreciation of their rights, why did he not advise the Legislature to levy a tax on property equal to the income from our phosphate mines for our public schools? Then the masses would have received what belonged to them, and the rich would have done something for the maintenance of our public schools, and Governor Tillman would have shown some consistency. From the best information we can get the amount collected on our property for the benefit of our public schools is about \$300,000, and the amount of income to our State from our phosphate mines is about \$300,000. Now, it is clear to our mind if there was no constitutional difficulties in the way, all tax on property might be removed except about  $\frac{1}{3}$  of a mill, and our schools suffer no injury, provided, however, that which belongs to the masses and from which they receive no benefit could be substituted in its place. It will be seen at a glance that this is quite a small sum to balance against a three-dollar poll tax. At least, it looks so to us. When the three dollar poll tax was first brought to the attention of our people, it was hard to make some believe that the Governor had advised such a measure, but when it was ascertained that it was a sure fact, then the opinion was expressed in a kind of grave-yard whisper that it was done to "catch the nigger," and we heard one man say that it caught him where the hair was very short. Now, let us show you that it catches the white man where the "hair" is still shorter. If this law goes into effect, a three-dollar poll will be levied on both whites and blacks. The whites will pay their tax but many of the negroes will escape it, just as they do the one dollar poll. But when it comes to the division of this money, it must be divided out per capita as though all had paid. Now, it is not clear that the poor white man, instead of getting any help from the three-dollar poll tax, would actually be paying to help educate the negro, and that, too, from his hard earnings? This would be a poor "catch" indeed, and we challenge the world to dispute it. As the law now exists anyone has the right to invest as much money as he pleases in the education of his children and receiving its whole benefit. We would not accuse the Governor of trying to "catch" anyone, nor of any unfairness whatever, except that it is an unreasonable tax on labor, and should be resented as an insult to those who placed him in power.

MR. EDITOR, you remember that when I approached you a few days ago and told you that I couldn't vote for Gov. Tillman, you asked me "if I could afford to vote for a drunkard and a gambler?" Now, what I want to know is this: Did you mean to say by this that Gov. Sheppard was a drunkard and a gambler? We have been told that he is a deacon in the Baptist Church, and a Sabbath School teacher, and with an honorable, high-toned man. He is also President of a Bank at Edgeland, S. C., and these institutions require men of the highest order of integrity, and we must believe that Sheppard is just that kind of a man, unless the contrary can be proven. Will you be kind enough to throw a little more light on this subject? When we asked you a few days ago if you would publish a communication from us, you replied, "It would do no good and that Tillman would be elected, unless the Day of Judgment should come off first." Of course, the day nor hour of that great and notable day no man knoweth. Good men, however, tell us that it is near our doors, and who knows but what it might come off on election day. Should this be the case, what do you think would become of Tillman and some of his most devoted followers? It might be worthy our while to study this problem a little. As for our own part we can say in all candor that if that is the day upon which we will be called upon to give an account of our stewardship we had rather be found with a ballot in our hand for a man of integrity than for one whose principal selling in trade is slander. I am perfectly willing for the Lord to see our ballot on election day.

In conclusion, we would say we are a farmer and favor all men, means and measures that will help the toiling masses. We will also say that we had nothing to do with the candidacy of either Tillman or Sheppard, but inasmuch as we either must support the one or the other we will take the latter, because we believe him to be the wisest, the truest, and the best, and a man upon whom all could depend for fair treatment.

Will you answer the following questions:

1. Do you advocate a three dollar poll tax as a measure of relief to the toiling masses?

2. Can you point to a single State in the civilized world where a public school system is maintained, and find labor taxed so much and property so little, as it would be in South Carolina if the three-dollar poll tax became a law?

3. Would you, as a pious Presbyterian, like Gov. Tillman as a leader on the Judgment day?

**Buckless Arnice Salve**

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Hill Bros.

— What is that which is used in America only twice? The letter A.

## Lawyers as Legislators.

EDITORS INTELLIGENCER: "Reform," in the *Peoples' Advocate* of the 18th, stated that Lawyers are not eligible to seats in the House of Commons in England. "Reform" is certainly mistaken. The only time they were ever excluded was at the Parliament held at Coventry in 1404. In our Legislature the business is very much aided by having a lawyer in each delegation, a lawyer on each committee, and the Judiciary Committee composed entirely of lawyers. Without them the work would be slow and, perhaps, more of it unconstitutional. B.

## Will they Kick?

EDITORS INTELLIGENCER: It seems strange that we farmers are so slow to understand what is to our best interest, but when we consider the cause of our slowness to understand we should not be censured so rashly, for when our friends (or those who profess to be) tell us that capital and all other combines are working against our interest, and that our government is rotten to the core, is it not time to kick, and kick quick and hard? Where are the set of men that would not let their power be felt? Surely not those who take any interest in their business. We farmers did kick, and we have more right now than ever to kick, and do it in such a way that this generation will not forget it. We were not posted as to the workings of the government. When such startling revelations were made to us it was like a bolt from the sky. We love to see to it that our grand old State of South Carolina should be purified, and that the lustre of her name should shine forth in its purity, and her honor made to shine so clear that her sister States will look upon her in admiration. And who was more competent to bring to light the existing corruption of which she was charged than the man who made those charges? And that man was B. R. Tillman, who we expected to bring to light all the hidden corruption that existed in our State government, and to punish the offenders, for he is a man of back-bone—one who fears no man—(does he fear God?) Where is the corruption exhumed?

Now, brother farmer, here comes in our responsibility, for which we should be censured or acquitted, according to the way we dispose of this matter. We are told that we will sit as jurors on these charges. What is the evidence rendered? Have you carefully examined both sides? Are you biased? Are you willing to give justice to whom justice is due? Are you at war with other lawful vocations? Are you determined to be honest with your fellow-men? Do you want something for nothing, to the detriment of others? Do you want the innocent to suffer and the offender to go free? I think surely you, as thinking men, will have no room to be censured by justice.

One of the charges is that the former administrations were bought over to the railroads by free passes. What was proven? Did not the accused, B. R. Tillman, reveal more in this infamous deed (if infamous it be) than any other Governor? Another is that the State government was rotten to the core. Has he proved it to be correct? If so, where is the proof of his proof? What has he done to the name of our beloved State? Has he not slandered it to all the world? Should he not be indicted for slander, and made to pay for it at the hands of the citizens of the State for injuring its reputation? Brother farmer, for your sake, and for the sake of the State, turn from the slanderous tongue and cast your balloting against such a man. You may think previous administrations have been heavy, yet the present will add thereto; and, indeed, will be no say (at least in deeds): My predecessors' yoke has been heavy upon you, yet I will make it still heavier; whereas my former predecessor chastised you with whips I will chastise you with scorpions.

And as for capital, how can we do without it as long as our bacon, flour and corn are to be shipped to the far West? Truly, it takes capital to build railroads and to run the same. If it was not for capital what would you do with your cotton? You could not eat it, you could not exchange it for food. If it was not for capital we would be in the worst fix ever known to man, and yet we listen to slick-tongue strile-breeders to the detriment of all classes, and set aside a man whose name will be honored as long as there is a ship on the sea, and a man whose name is seldom at his post of duty.

Brother farmer, if ever in the history of South Carolina we had an occasion to kick now is the time, and B. R. Tillman is the object. Surely he has less sympathy for the poor man than any man of our State, or any other, who has received such honor at our hands. The reward he wishes to give us for our fidelity is to tax us three dollars per head, and if we can't raise one dollar and fifty cents make up the balance by putting a mill on us to pay the climax have us disfranchised on account of our poverty and disadvantages we have had to encounter. If in the face of all this we will not kick, and kick with power, will we ever kick?

A FARMER.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75.

In the campaign of 1890 Capt. Tillman cried, "Reform, Reform," from one end of the State to the other. That word was the slogan of his party. Let us see how "reform" has worked: The total State tax collected during the first year of Tillman's administration is larger than any since the Democrats recovered the State in 1876, excepting only the fiscal year ending 1881. It exceeds the taxes of the year before by nearly \$50,000, and the year before that by \$38,000. He declared he would save the State \$100,000 the first year on the phony income tax, and he did not do it, but the State has over \$100,000 less in the treasury than it did in 1890, because of his unbusinesslike management of that matter. We hope to be delivered from Tillman's "reform."

**Junius Junior.**

## BILL ARP'S TALK.

The Sage of Cartersville Tells of his Experience.

Atlanta Constitution.

Atlanta is a nice town, and I love to go there and comfort our boys and mingle with my friends, but I reckon I will have to stay at home. I can't keep up with Atlanta society. It is demoralizing and keeps me on a strain. Every time I go I discover some new custom or fad or fancy, and it makes me conscious of my antiquity. If I dine out or take tea with old friends there's a lot of things round my plate that I don't know what to do with, and it keeps me uneasy for fear I'll make a blunder. If there are two knives I don't know which one to eat with, though I found out later that one was a butter knife. That is a very late fad. There were three spoons, which, like faith, were evidences of things not seen. It takes a great deal of faith, for there were dishes handed me to partake of that I couldn't identify. I declined all the strange things and explained to the hostesses that I was not very well and had to diet myself. I used tea to be a fad, but that has gone out, thank goodness. Sometimes I have to do shopping for my folks, but I think they have recently determined to discharge me. Not long ago I was requested to get a pair of Oxford ties, No. 2, letter D, and the gentleman clerk showed me some with spring heels and said they were all the style now, so I supposed it was a right fresh fad, and as I dislike these high heels, I bought them. The indignation of my female family was supreme, and as I took them back and the clerk apologized by saying he thought I wanted them for a school girl. Next time they wanted a storm dirge blazer No. 34. The clerk didn't have the storm dirge, but had the latest thing out, just fresh from New York, and persuaded me to take it. It proved to be a twilled flannel, stitched with cotton thread, and so I had to take that back. There is one good trait about my family. If they can't get the very thing they want they won't take a substitute and sometimes I can't find the precise thing. Some of the old men seem to be very fond of standing around the fashionable stores on Whitehall. I found my friend George Adair leaning against the marble entrance at High's beautiful front. I thought he was waiting for someone who was inside, and so I paused to keep him company and noticed how fondly he saluted the beautiful ladies who went in and out. He seemed to know them all, and remarked that many of them had known him ever since they were children, and he looked upon them with paternal affection. I caught the contagion, too, and lingered at the threshold, and as we slowly walked away his beaming countenance seemed to say, "I have thee not, yet I see thee still." Farewell, sweet darlings, till I come again.

My boys have a friend in Atlanta who has uncommon regard for me. I say uncommon, for it is not common for young men, especially society men, to take much interest in veterans. I know he feels an interest by the way he did. He invited me to ride with him and view the suburbs. I wanted to take the first train for home, but to please him and my boys I accepted his kind invitation. I thought he would come with a genteel phaeton and a pair of gentle horses and safe driver and that I could luxuriate with ease and comfort. I had heard that I had a very fine turnout, and anticipated one that hung low with but a step to terra firma, but when he drove up to the curb at Dr. Westmoreland's office, I hardly knew what the contrivance was. It had two stories and no veranda—a double-decker—with seats for two on top and seats for nobody down below—a kind of English hunting wagon—that perched a man up high enough to see a deer or a rabbit half a mile away and to shoot him over a hill if necessary. The story tower was cased up like a caisson and had apartments for ammunition, solid and fluid, and extra guns and a dog or two. It was empty and opened behind like a bread wagon. My friend gave me no time to deliberate or I should have crawled in the rear, but he said, "Get up, major," in a very kindly tone of voice. There were no steps and no ladder. I didn't want to mortify him or show the white feather so I climbed on the hub and then to the top of the wheel, and from there I don't know how I did get to the place, but I had hardly settled myself when the concern began to move forward with great alacrity. I suddenly discovered that there was no dashboard to catch a man—no nothing but a sloping footboard for your feet to brace against. There was no siderear to hold on to and the motion of the concern was like the old-time stage coach—backwards and forwards—rocking like a cradle, and there was no salvation for me except the weight of my corporeity and to keep my feet well braced against the sloping footboard. He seemed to know to handle the lines, but the off horse was a terror and for half a mile he put up scoundrels. There was a contraption to the concern that was called a hood, but it was down and that gave me a chance to grab the ribs, which I did with my left hand in a spasmodic manner. The off horse dashed and pranced furiously and my friend walloped him like he meant business and talked all the time as unconcerned as if we were in a funeral procession. I felt like we were and that the funeral was mine. Back and forth the concern oscillated but I didn't oscillate with it in graceful undulations and ever and anon had to duck my head to dodge the drooping limbs of the shade trees. People stopped to gaze and I thought of John Gilpin and his famous ride. I saw some ladies smile but I don't know whether they were pitying me or admiring my friend. We passed the street cars and crossed and recrossed the iron rails time and again, and ground the fire out of the Belgian blacks. "Major," said he, "a lady on that car threw a kiss at you." Kisses were of no consequence just then, but I would have given \$10 to have been in the car beside her. I was ruminating about being precipitated among the horses' heels or down upon the cruel stones that lined the pavement. I thought of dislocated hips and broken bones and hemorrhages and a coffin for

one. "Oh that I was down in the caisson," I sighed. Handicapped with avoirdupois and gravity, I couldn't jump ten feet in safety for there is no spring in my muscles—no flexors and reflexors to make up for lost motion. By and by the horses got subdued and I made bold to draw a long breath and to inquire who lived here and who lived there until we got to the clubhouse at the exposition grounds and stopped to rest and to call for lemonades. From there we rode to Jackson street and then to Inman Park and then our elevated transport was reversed and we started back to the city. At 7 o'clock we reached the curbstone from whence we started. I descended from my perilous roost with great care and caution and full of gratitude to my Maker and many thanks to my friend for his good intentions, but with a mental reservation that I will never get caught in such a trap again as long as I live. No more of your elevated transports for me. I'll take a slide first, or a wheelbarrow. They wanted me to see the city, to overlook the pedestrian herd that perambulates the sidewalks, but the elevator at the Equitable is overlook enough for me. But I got even with them without intending it. My friend came up home with me and one of my boys that night and my folks had a late supper for us all, and we had music and song and a good time and retired to blessed sleep and happy dreams. I never noticed their shoes. I never look down much now at folks' clothes, and so when the morning came I sent our colored institution up stairs and told him not to wake the gentlemen, but to get their shoes and black them. "Shoo!" is a young darkey who has just enough sense to try to do what you tell him. In about half an hour he came in to where I was reading and said, with a mournful tone of voice: "I can do best I could wid dem shoes, but to save my life I couldn't git 'em red o'f em." That settled it. He had blacked their tan shoes that cost \$7 a pair. The young gentlemen kept him out most of the day. They didn't go to church, and next morning left on the daylight train. "Shoo!" left soon after the catastrophe for parts unknown. He told the cook that 'dem gentlemen look at him like dey gwine to kill him. We used to wear tan shoes 'enrindin' the war. Sometimes we couldn't get black leather and had to use it fresh from the tan vats. It is no brand new thing. Indians have been wearing it from away back. But it is the fashion, you know.

**BILL ARP.**

**Lawrence W. Youmans.**

FAIRFAX, S. C., July 19, 1899.  
To the Editor of the State: As my neighbor, Col. L. W. Youmans, has been denied a respectful hearing at some of the campaign meetings and treated as though he were an enemy to the interests of the people, I feel constrained to write a brief sketch of his life and what he has done for South Carolina, which I hope every white voter in the State